

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES



THE ROBIN.



AWAY, pretty Robin, fly home to your
nest,

To make you my captive would please
me the best,

And feed you with worms and with
bread :

Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers
so soft,

Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all cover'd with red.



But then, 'twould be cruel to keep you, I
know,

So stretch out your wings, little Robin,
and go,

Fly home to your young ones again ;
Go listen once more to your mate's pretty
song,

And chirrup and twitter there all the day
long,

Secure from the wind and the rain.





THE ROBIN.

But when the leaves fall, and the winter-
winds blow,
And the green fields are cover'd all over
with snow,
And the clouds in white feathers
descend ;
When the springs are all ice, and the
rivulets freeze,
And the long shining icicles drop from
the trees,
Then, Robin, remember your friend.



With cold and with hunger half-famish'd
and weak

Then tap at my window again with your
beak,

Nor shall your petition be vain ;

You shall fly to my bosom and perch on
my thumbs,

Or hop round the table and pick up the
crumbs;

And need not be hungry again.



ROUTLEDGE'S
THREEPENNY TOY-BOOKS,

WITH SIX COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS,

PRINTED BY KRONHEIM.

MY FIRST ALPHABET
THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE
LITTLE BO-PEEP
MOTHER GOOSE
THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS
THE BABES IN THE WOOD
JOHN GILPIN
NURSERY RHYMES
THE FARM-YARD ALPHABET
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK
THE THREE BEARS
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
MY MOTHER
MORE NURSERY RHYMES
THE DOGS' DINNER PARTY
THE CATS' TEA PARTY
A, APPLE PIE

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